

Historic, archived document

Do not assume content reflects current scientific knowledge, policies, or practices.

(SUSTAINING)

"UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS"
Episode #91

11:30-12:30 PM

DECEMBER 21, 1933

THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: "Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" -

ORCHESTRA: QUARTET: Ranger Song

ANNOUNCER: Christmas is a magic word that quickens the hearts of men the world over. Everywhere, at the approach of Christmas, preparations of one kind or another are being made for its celebration. High up in the mountains, within one of our great National Forests, nestles the little community of Winding Creek. It is the headquarters for the logging operations of the Winding Creek Lumber Company, and the ranger headquarters for the Pine Cone Ranger District. A heavy blanket of snow has fallen over the National Forest. The roads are blocked and the temperature hovers around zero. Nevertheless the spirit of Christmas is in the air and the little town is buzzing with the excitement of preparations for the great holiday. As we look in at the Pine Cone Ranger Station we find Mrs. Robbins and Marry Halloway, the village school teacher, busily engaged with their plans for the celebration. Here they are -

(SOUND OF SPOON VIGOROUSLY BEATING IN THE MIXING BOWL)

BESS: My! Don't you think you've beaten that fondant enough, Mary? You'll wear yourself out.

MARY: Oh, I love to make candy. I want the centers to be nice and creamy, and the more you beat it the creamier it gets.

BESS: You've worked so hard, my dear. I'm sure it will be good.

MARY: Does Mr. Robbins like peppermint?

BESS: Bless you, Mary, if it's candy of any kind he likes it. I never saw such a man for candy.

MARY: Well, Jerry is just as bad. -

BESS: Yee - almost. You know - nearly every time they go down to Willow Glen one or the other of them brings home some candy. They always give it to me -- very graciously. -- And maybe I'll eat one or two pieces, then it disappears when they go into the office to add scale books. Next morning I'll find the box on the desk - empty.

MARY: Oh the big pigs - (BOTH LAUGH)

BESS: We'll have to hide this candy if we want to save it for Christmas.

MARY: Let's hurry and get this fondant ready before they get home. We'll put it away and dip it in the chocolate tomorrow -

(SOUND OF HEAVY STOMPING ON THE PORCH)

BESS: Oh dear! Speak of the Devil - Here they come right now!

MARY: Oh Mrs. Robbins, what'll I do with it?! (DOOR OPENS)

JERRY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Say, Mrs. Robbins, hand me the broom - Oh hello, Mary. I didn't know you were here.

BESS: Jerry, shut that door. Do you think this is a barn?

MARY: (WITH HER) My heavens, what a cold wind! You're freezing us!

(DOOR CLOSSES WITH A BANG)

JERRY: (COMING UP) All right. Just for that I won't sweep the snow off my feet - Gee, what's all this?

MARY: Now Jerry, you stay away!

BESS: Mary is making our Christmas Candy.

JERRY: Gee! That's swell Mary. May I have some?

MARY: Just one piece, Jerry. They aren't finished yet. They have to be dipped in chocolate.



JERRY: What are the pink ones?

MARY: That's wintergreen. The white is peppermint. This is butter cream and these have fruit and nuts.

JERRY: Um-m. - that's good - one piece of each?

MARY: (REPROACHFULLY) Oh Jerry. You'll make yourself sick.

BESS: And you wont be able to eat a mouthful of supper.

(SOUND OF STAMPING OF FEET OUTSIDE, DOOR OPENS)

JIM: (COMING IN) Hello Folks.

BESS: Here Jim, take this broom and sweep the snow off your feet before you come in.

JIM: Sweep the snow, eh? Well, there's plenty out here to sweep.

(DOOR CLOSES)

MARY: (MOCK SEVERITY) And here, Jerry, you take this mop and wipe up the water you tracked in on Mrs. Robbins nice clean floor.

BESS: Thats right, Mary. We'll have to start training these men a little better.

JERRY: (TOLERANTLY) Oh all right -- (MOPS) Gee, that's good candy.

MARY: (OFF) Well, it's being put away while there's still some left.

(DOOR OPENS)

JIM: (COMING IN LAUGHING) Well - you seem to be very industrious this evening, Jerry. This must be Mary's influence.

JERRY: Oh yeah?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Did you finish scaling those logs?

JERRY: No - you ought to see the logs they brought down today. The last load the big tractor brought down had over 8,000 feet on it. The whole outfit closed down tonight 'till after Christmas so they brought down as many logs as possible.

JIM: That was a good load.

JERRY: Yes. And by the way, on top of it was the Christmas tree for the school, Mary. Al Perkins sent word that he'd have a man set it up for you in the morning.

MARY: Oh how lovely!

JIM: Closing down 'till after Christmas, eh? Well, I suppose the boys'll all be coming in out of the woods to celebrate.

JERRY: Yeah, there was a big crowd down at the store tonight.

BESS: Oh I hope they don't have a lot of carousing and wild goings-on.

JERRY: I heard Al Perkins tell one lumber jack that was getting a little boisterous that he'd better watch himself. He told 'im good and straight too.

JIM: (CHUCKLING) Perkins'll keep 'em straight all right. His word is law with those boys and they know he means what he says.

JERRY: And guess who else I saw, Jim -

JIM: Who?

JERRY: Mike Bundy.

JIM: Mike Bundy, eh?

JERRY: Yeah. First time I've seen him in town for a long time. I wonder what he is up to.



- MARY: I hope he doesn't come near us. He frightened me so that time he was drunk.
- JIM: (CHUCKLES) Poor old Mike! He's gotten himself such a reputation that the minute he shows up people begin to wonder what dark plot he's brewing.
- BESS: Well he deserves it! I know it isn't Christian-like, but when that man comes to town I'm just uneasy until I know he's left again.
- MARY: Me too. - and I have to go over to the school house tonight to get things ready for the Christmas tree exercises.
- JERRY: Well, you aren't going over there alone. I'm going with you.
- MARY: Oh, can you go, Jerry? I'm so glad, - (LAUGHS MISCHIEVOUSLY and you can rehearse your part as Santa Claus.
- JERRY: (SURPRISED) My part as Santa Claus. Where do you get that stuff?
- MARY: Oh yes, Jerry, you have been unanimously elected to be Santa Claus.
- JERRY: Nothing doing! That's Jim's job and I wouldn't for the world take it away from him.
- JIM: (LAUGHS) Well, son, I'm glad to see you taking such an interest in community affairs. When you get to be Santa Claus you've become one of the leading citizens of the town.
- BESS: Of course you'll do it, Jerry, and you'll make a good Santa Claus too, -- I just know you will.



JERRY: (IMPLORINGLY) Aw, Mary, why do you have to ring me in on this?

MARY: I didn't ring you in, Jerry. (LAUGHS) All the ladies in the auxiliary thought you would make just a darling Santa Claus.

JERRY: (ANGRY) That settles it. I won't do it, that's all. They ain't going to make a monkey out of me.

MARY: Oh Jerry, please - you wouldn't spoil it all now. I got a suit just your size - and all the people of Winding Creek and for miles around will be there. We're going to have a lovely Christmas program and presents for all the children. - Why, we just have to have a Santa Claus. Please, Jerry. I'm depending on you.

JERRY: (DECIDEDLY) Nothing doing. Not me.

(KNOCK AT THE DOOR)

BESS: My goodness I wonder who that can be.

(OPENS DOOR)

BESS: (STARTLED) Oh - oh - why, good evening Mr. Bundy.

JIM: Come in, Mike. You want to see Ma? -- let's go right into the office. -

BUNDY: (COMING UP) I want t' see the school marm - I heard she was up here.

JERRY: (THREATENING) Listen here, Bundy, what do you want with her? you better --

MARY: (CUTTING IN) Oh -- How do you do, Mr. Bundy.

BESS: Won't you sit down?

BUNDY: No thank'ee. Y'see I (EMBARRASSED) I - just wanted to see the little schoolroom here. -- I heard tell about this here Christmas tree business - an' I - I wondered would yuh let an ornery cuss like me come to yore gatherin' --

MARY: (HESITATINGLY) Why - uh - yes Mr. Bundy - yes, of course. It's a community Christmas tree an' everybody is welcome. If you want to come and be one of us, we'll be more than glad to have you.

BUNDY: Thank 'ee cuss - (HESITATING) Um - uh - Here - take this for yore kids - It's five pounds of the bestest mixed candy - I ain't been doin' very well - I - I wish it was more (GOES OFF QUICKLY MUMBLING)

(DOOR SLAMS)

(PAUSE)

JERRY: Well, can you just that?

BESS: What on earth has come over him?

JIM: (CHUCKLES) Well, now, I've always said old Mike had a good streak in him somewhere if we could only find it, -- It looks like Mary's found it.

BESS: Let's see what's in the package.

(PAPER RATTLES)

BESS: Well, bless his heart! And to think he'd want to do this for the children.

MARY: Why - I didn't even thank him - I - I don't know what to say - I could almost cry.

JERRY: Well, if he comes to that meeting I hope he cleans himself up first - or else they don't let him sit near the stove.

JIM: Well - you know, while Mike was talking there I looked him over pretty carefully, and I noticed he hasn't got a decent "dud" on him. His clothes aren't only just dirty - he's darn near in rags. So I reckon the money he spent for that candy would've come in pretty handy for himself --- maybe Mike could give us all a lesson in Christmas giving.

JERRY: By George, you're right Jim! -- Say, Mary, I'll be your Santa Claus if you want.

MARY: (DELIGHTEDLY) Oh Jerry!

JERRY: And you know that box of heavy underwear I got the other day - I'm going to wrap that up and put it on the Christmas tree for Mike Bundy.

JIM: That's talkin', Jerry - I'll get him a pair of wool lined shoe packs. He's almost barefoot, I noticed.

MARY: And I'll wrap his presents up in tissue paper and red ribbon! - and fix a box of my candy for him!

JIM: (LAUGHS) Mike will think it's (HESITATING FOR WORD) uh-what shall I say --

ALL IN UNISON: MERRY CHRISTMAS!!!! (ALL LAUGH)

FADEOUT

ANNOUNCER: Well, it looks as if everybody on the Pine Cone Ranger District, including Mike Bundy himself, is going to have a Merry Christmas. And Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers wish you of the radio audience a Merry Christmas too.

This program comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company, with the cooperation of the United States Forest Service.

DF - 12:05 PM
December 20, 1933

